

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

THE

CHRONICLE.

D. A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 48.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

Sutherland's for Stoves.

MOFFAT PARLOR HEATERS.

Fairy Oak No. 13 \$11.75, No. 15 \$14
Nugget, No. 9 \$9,
Live Oak, No. 130, \$10.50
Stove boards 90cts

These prices good for one week only,

THE TOGGERY.

New Hats New Shirts
New Gloves Sheep Coats
Overalls Sox
Handkerchiefs, red and blue

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

SEE DAVE

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

When you are in need of Lumber it will pay you to compare my prices and quality with any yard on this line. If you cannot make out your own bill of what you require, I will be glad to help you.

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware

DRY GOODS

New Lines of Winter Goods in Ladies Wrappette, Serges and Broadcloth in the latest patterns

The famous Watson's Ladies, Mens and Boys Underwear in all sizes and weights

Now is the time for Sour Kraut
Cabbage 2c per lb
Try our Special Brand of Green Tea at 35c per lb
Tuxedo Brand of all goods cannot be surpassed for quality and price

UNDERTAKING

We are now prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and everything pertaining to the Undertaking business.

Arrangements made with Calgary firm for embalming, etc.

RURAL TELEPHONES.

Tapscot wants Telephone Connection

Our Wheelerville correspondent states that petitions to the Government are being circulated, asking that a rural telephone line be put in and connected with either Crossfield or Carstairs.

A telephone line would certainly be of great value to the community and whatever influence the Board of Trade may possess should at once be lent to the farmers of that neighborhood to assist them in their effort to have a line established.

Some time ago Airdrie farmers and business men realized the value such a system would be in connecting the different farms with the town. The farmers got together and decided to put in their own system and each one did his part of the work. Now that the Airdrie phone, which are east of town, have been tried the western farmers are arranging for a system of their own as well. They feel that they might as well go to work and put in their own as wait until the Government can get around to the work in their neighborhood.

The East Airdrie system which is now at work has 25 subscribers and the line extends for 13 miles out of town. With the branches there are altogether 30 miles of wire and the total cost to each subscriber was a little under \$40. They now own the line and have no rental to pay and are so pleased that when the Government recently made when a good offer for the purchase of the phone they decided that it was not to their best interests to sell the system.

The farmers not only at Wheelville and Tapscot but along the line from these places into town would do well to get together and if the Government is too busy just now to put in the line let them do it for themselves.

AIRDRIE

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Have you subscribed yet?

Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Church of England service will be held in the school-house, Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11:30 a. m.

A Sunday School Convention will be held in Airdrie next Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Archibald will be the leader.

A Spelling Bee Match will be held at Golden Rod on Tuesday December 1st. There will be good music, good speaking, good eating, and a first class social time. All welcome.

T. Farr, agent for the Massey-Harris Co. in Airdrie, has sold out his business to F. Boake who has already taken over the business and bids fair to make a success in his new business.

Rodney.

The first meeting of the Season of the Rodney Literary Society will be held in the School House on December 4th, an entertainment will be provided. Members are requested to be present and friends are cordially invited. The entertainment will begin at 8 p. m. sharp.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel... \$0.50
Wheat, No. 1, red, bush... 75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per, bush... 72 c.
Wheat, No. 3, bush... 68 c.
Wheat, No. 4, bush... 58 c.
Wheat, No. 5, bush... 50 c.
Flax... 90 c.
Oats... 24 c.
Barley... 30 c.
Rye... 35 c.
Butter... lb... 20 c.
Hops, live weight... lb... \$4.75
Cattle, live weight... lb... 5 c. to 5-4
Cows, live weight... 2 to 2 3/4
Mutton... lb... 2c.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Sunny Alberta!

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee are on a visit to Okotoks this week.

Work on Mr. Parker's new residence is progressing.

J. A. Nichols has this week purchased five town lots from Hultgren & Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Calhoun went to Calgary on the late train on Thursday night.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 3.30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3.30 p. m.

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

R. E. Friesell, of Calgary, representing the Imperial Life was in town this week on a business trip.

Alex. Stuart left for Aberdeen, Scotland, on Saturday night. He expects to be gone for a few months.

Read the advt. headed "S10 Reward." If you can across these animals there is \$10 waiting for you.

J. A. Carbet, who with his gang has been surveying the roads around here, left this week for Medicine Hat.

C. Calhoun has sold his farm but expects to reside on it for some time yet. Mr. R. L. Boyle is the purchaser.

Mr. Bolton has just returned from Edmonton where he went with two cars of cattle that he shipped this week.

Will exchange a good teamster, in old town of Crossfield or green feed for calves or pigs. Address or see P. C. Cowling.

On another page will be found an advertisement from E. B. Shasta of Carstairs who is making a cut in prices in the harness line.

Everybody is buying town lots now-a-days. We have a few good residence lots left at \$50 \$75 and \$100 only 1/2 cash required. See us at once.

Hultgren & Davis.
Real Estate Agents.

An auction sale of the farm stock, implements and household furniture of A. D. MacDonald, 4 1/2 miles S. W. of Airdrie will be held on Monday, November 23rd. See bills.

A lodge of Oddfellows will be instituted in town shortly. Any old members residing in this neighborhood who would like to join a lodge here are requested to communicate with Mr. Robson.

We can take your subscription to the Nor' West Farmer, Western Home Monthly, Westward-Ho Magazine and this paper altogether for only \$2.75. The usual price of the above is \$3.50.

Mrs. Schumann went to Calgary on Thursday to consult a specialist regarding her child's throat. Mr. Schumann returned to his duties at the depot on Tuesday after having an operation performed on his throat.

Two farmers near here were this week up before the Magistrate on a charge of fencing up a trail and neglecting to put on a top rail as a protection to anyone driving along it at night. They were ordered to pay expenses.

Last Friday a young man named Dennum was up before Magistrate Davis and Boyle on a charge of cattle rustling. He was found guilty and on account of his youth got off lightly, being sent to prison for three months. The father of this man was fined at the same court for having branded his cattle in the wrong place.

We would remind a few subscribers that the paper has been running for 48 weeks now and that they have overlooked their subscriptions, which should be paid in advance. Commencing with the new year we will follow the custom of the other papers on the line and charge \$1.50 a year to those who do not pay in advance, while paid in advance subscriptions will be \$1 as in the past.

The Car Shortage.

We understand that the demand for cars in Saskatchewan has slackened up earlier than was expected and the railway company is able to place more at the disposal of the farmers of Alberta. The wheat crop being so great and cars so scarce the last few weeks, this information will be pleasing to the farmers around here.

Libelling the West

Ottawa Nov. 17.—Grossly exaggerated reports of weather conditions in the Canadian West have recently been sent out to the American press by correspondents at Winnipeg and Medicine Hat. It is understood that the government will take vigorous action to punish the culprits.

For a similar offence last year a correspondent in Alberta was fined \$20. There recent exaggerations which were wired to Chicago, Spokane, Seattle, San Francisco and other American papers made it appear that through mythical conditions the country was completely tied up and transportation facilities utterly destroyed.

The act of parliament which makes sending of false and defamatory despatches a criminal offence will probably be amended during the coming session by which these deceivers of the country may be more easily reached and punished.

General.

Prof. A. R. Bain, registrar of Victoria college, is dead.

Large sizes of envelopes for sending Christmas cards can be got at this office.

Staff Sergeant Bates, of Mounted Police at Regina, committed suicide by shooting.

The general election in Prince Edward Island resulted in a narrow escape for the Hazzard, Liberal government, the total majority being only 15.

A Jap rancher, named Nagao, was shot dead at his home, North Vancouver, when his wife unexpectedly appeared and was shot dead.

Canon Webb conducted the English church services at Crossfield on the 10th afternoon baptised Donald MacDougall. The Canon will hold a meeting in connection with the formation of a parish here on Saturday December 16th at 1 p. m.

At Large.

"What is a congressman at large?" was the next question raised at the grocery lecture.

"One that ain't in jail," suggested a wit on a cracker barrel.

"A congressman at large," asserted Zeb Whitfield, "is a congressman who has been elected, but who hasn't taken his seat."

"Wrong," declared Peleg Haw.

"He has served his term. They're always entitled to the floor."

The question was still open when the grocer adjourned the session.

Wanted Royal Effort.

The king of Wurtemberg while out motoring in the country with the Grand Duke Adolphus of Mecklenburg saw coming toward him a cart drawn by a white horse in which were seated a sturdy old peasant and his wife. As the motor car approached the white horse became very restive, pranced, reared and finally fell down on the roadway. The king and the grand duke immediately ordered the chauffeur to stop and, getting down from the car, went to the assistance of the fallen animal. Meanwhile the two old peasants sat stolidly in the cart and made not the slightest effort to raise the horse. The grand duke seized the creature's head, and the king proceeded to loosen the traces. After a good deal of trouble the horse was got upon its legs again and reharmonized, and then the grand duke addressed the old man in the cart. "There," he said, handing him a coin, "it's all right now, my good man. You can go and tell your friends that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg picked up your horse and that the king of Wurtemberg helped him." The peasant bit the coin to see if it was good and then replied: "Ye might have saved yourselves all this trouble, for my old horse always lays down when he hears one of these here motor cars coming. But as soon as it's past he gets up again of his own accord."

\$10.00 REWARD.

LOST.—At Crossfield, since September 23rd, Four Cows. One 5 yrs. dark yellow; white face, brand 8 on right side hind leg. One 5 years old, dark yellow; one muley 4 years old dark black, hind legs white; one yearling, white spotted on sides and underneath. Michael Bernish, Crossfield, P. C., or Colonisation Lands East.

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

GIN PILLS CURED THEM. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tormented with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work as the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napawin, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, \$5.00 a box—for \$25.00. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist. Sample box free if you mention this paper.

Dept. N.T., National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto.

8.00

A most useful and yet inexpensive Christmas gift would be this Pen. It is guaranteed not to leak, blur, or blot—and will write smoothly on any kind of paper.

It is made from fine hard rubber—and has a platinum point which will not wear dull.

COMPLETE with cleaner and filler in suitable box, the price is

\$1.00

OUR handsome catalogue sent free upon request.

RYRIE BROS.

LIMITED

134-136 1/2 Yonge St.

TORONTO

Awkward.

"Do you like moving pictures?"

"Not a bit. I nearly always drop the blamed things on my toes."

Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Farnelle's Vegetable Pills. Widely known and used, they have attained their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having demonstrated themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

"Binks is weak financially, isn't he?"

"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?"

"Other people's bill collectors."

—Tit-Bits.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."

—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

"I say, Dr. O'Shea, have you ever heard that joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travellers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?"

"Aw, dear boy—no, no, let me hear it."

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Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

**INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.**

**TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.**

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon

The Hay and Grain Man.

Crossfield.

**ALBERTA
HOTEL,**

**Good
Accommodation**

REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

**LETHBRIDGE
—COAL—**

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

Parker

The Livery Barn



Bring along your Watch
and Jewelry Repairs

We guarantee all our work
or refund the money

GIVE US A TRIAL.

McKee & Co.

**Palace
Meat
Market**

We are paying 15c each for No. 1 Spring
Chickens.

We are now prepared to buy
hogs in carload lots, delivered
when ordered. Highest cash
price paid for dry picked spring
chickens. Cash paid for hides

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats Kept in Stock

PALACE MEAT MARKET

G. F. Mitchell, Prop.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908

What's It Worth?

What is a newspaper worth to a town? Perhaps you reply at first thought, "It isn't worth a penny," but hold on a minute. First thoughts are not always correct, especially if they are hasty. One of the greatest writers of the early ages said in his haste that all men were liars, but after consideration, he was willing to concede his mistake. After you have given it a thought, you will admit that to a large extent a town and its surroundings is judged by its local newspaper—not altogether by its typographical or editorial make-up, but they are considered with certain other essentials. Not the least important of these in order to form a good impression upon the reader, is advertisements of the various business houses, worded and arranged in such a way as to convince of the proper standing of such concerns in the business world, and it is astonishing how quickly an ordinary reader will draw his conclusions regarding a town after scanning for a few minutes a copy of the local paper. We grant that there are papers and papers, but the editor or publisher, as a rule, is not wholly responsible for the difference, for the spirit of the municipality is as indelibly stamped upon the paper as the personality of the editor. Such being the case, it is the duty of every loyal citizen to help make their own paper the best possible, not begrudging the publisher the few dollars it may mean to him, but feeling more than repaid because of the publicity given to the advantages of the town and district, and consequent benefit to all. The percentage of profit in the publication of a country weekly is woefully small, but there is some compensation aside from financial return, if the publisher knows he has the co-operation of his fellow citizens in advancing the welfare of the community. Suggestions for timely articles on live topics are always in order, or better still, a good spicy article contributed. Such are always thickly received, as long as they are free from personalities and of general interest to at least a reasonable percentage of the readers. Even what seems to be an insignificant item of news or personal mention may prove of considerable value and should be freely given without solicitation. It is no longer thought that an individual furnishing such an item is too anxious to see his name or the name of his friends in print, but is rather considered an honest effort to make the paper of interest to everyone. Lend a hand to make this paper "the best ever," and we will only be too glad to reciprocate in any way possible.—The Dayland Press.

Keep Advertising.

One step won't take you very far
You've got to keep on walking
One word won't tell folks who you are
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall
You've got to keep on growing
One little ad won't do it all
You've got to keep them going.
Allens M. O. Journal.

Wheelerville.

The last cold weather seems to have
had its effect on the Coal supply from
the amount of coal that has been hauled
from the mines during the past few days

Mr. William R. Grouge (Bucksin
Bill) is busy building a two storey house
16 x 16 ft.

Mr. W. J. Smith has been appointed
commissioner for taking affidavits.
Mr. William Otto, of Calgary, expects
to move out on his homestead near here
about the first of next month.

Mr. W. A. Woodford is building a two
storey cottage 10x16 ft. on his homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dobb who were
accompanied by Messrs. Frank Barwell
and James Langhrie were visitors here
on Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. A. Wheeler purchased a team
of horses from Mr. N. T. McClain
recently.

Mr. W. F. Kays was a visitor at Lang-
don this week.

Messrs. F. A. and A. E. Jennings, of
Huntsville, Ontario, who were spending
a few days here, returned home recently
they have located about 80 miles east and
40 miles north of here and are well
satisfied with that part of the country.
They have purchased a team of horses

from Mr. A. W. Wheeler and expects to
return to their homesteads early in the
spring.

There was divine service at Kia-Ora on
Sunday November 8th and services will
be held every two weeks at 11 a. m. by
the Rev. H. G. Gratz, of Sunnyslope.

There is also divine service at Simcoe
on the same days at 7.30 p. m. by the
Rev. Mr. Hibbard.

It is expected that the Literary society
will be re-opened at Simcoe about the
first of next month.

Mr. Albert Peever is building a frame
stable 14 x 16 ft. on his homestead near
here.

Mr. T. B. Hathledge has been busy
hauling his winters supply of coal lately.
Petitions are being sent to the Depart-
ment of Public Works at Edmonton, for
the construction of a Government Tele-
phone line this vicinity to connect with
Crossfield or Carstairs.

School Report.

The following is the report of Crossfield
School Examinations for October.

| Standard VI. | Percentage |
|---------------------|------------|
| Milton McCool | 83 |
| Alice McEadyen | 82 |
| Harold Bishop | 76 |
| Guy Armstrong | 75 |
| Mary McNally | 68 |
| Eileen McNally | 65 |
| Merl Armstrong | 60 |
| Standard IV. | Percentage |
| Harvey McCool | 60 |
| George Smart | 59 |
| Standard III. | Percentage |
| Ava Thompson | 74 |
| Levin Hultgren | 67 |
| Gertie Parker | 65 |
| Lizzie Smart | 63 |
| Wilfred McEloughlin | 61 |
| Albert Hultgren | 60 |
| Melvin Patmore | 52 |
| Craig Wilson | 51 |
| Harold Edwards | 48 |
| Frank Parker | 43 |
| A. F. Stephenson | 40 |
| Standard II. | Percentage |
| Emma Hoffman | 72 |
| Robert Milligan | 71 |
| Melvin Bishop | 65 |
| Greta McCool | 64 |
| Pat Smyth | 57 |
| Tillie Eagonson | 56 |
| Vincent Patmore | 56 |
| Hector Fowler | 50 |
| Frank McCool | 39 |
| Milburn Burkholder | 37 |
| Murray Parker | 34 |
| Lila Parker | 31 |
| Bessie Oude | 20 |
| Standard I Part II. | Percentage |
| Robert Smart | 78 |
| Gilbert McEloughlin | 75 |
| Marie Oakes | 74 |
| Frances McNally | 62 |
| William Milligan | 57 |
| Clifford Edwards | 55 |
| Hilda Hoffman | 45 |
| James Eagonson | 43 |
| Fluence Wright | 40 |
| Stanley Reid | 35 |
| Hylton Parker | 33 |
| Kathleen Bishop | 25 |
| Standard I Part I. | Percentage |
| Harry Hinkley | 58 |
| Lawrence Oakes | 49 |
| Gilbert Thompson | 57 |
| Willie Thompson | 27 |
| Thelma Hultgren | 33 |
| Victoria Eagonson | 11 |
| Carl Becker | 10 |
| Alice Stewart | 10 |

N. Featherston,
Teacher.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday and third Mon-
day in the month. Visiting brethren
always welcome. For further information
write any of the brethren.
Geo. W. Boyce, James Mewhort
C. R. Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.

Meets Friday on or before the Full
Moon. Visiting brethren always wel-
come.
Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Secy.

Harness! Harness!

**BLANKETS, ROBES, GRIPS,
TRUNKS**

And ALL Such Goods as are Carried in Stock in a
Harness Store going at a Large
Discount of 10 Per Cent.

We are also giving Special Prices on the following articles:

¾ in. and 1 in. Snaps, Going at Two for 5c.

Sweat Pads, Going at 70c. per pair.

Whips, Going at a Discount of 25 per cent.

Rope, Going at 15c. per lb.

We are Underselling Everybody.

We do a larger business and make MORE and BETTER
HARNESS than any other saddlery firm between Calgary
and Edmonton.

The reason of our live business is that we are always
working and we are holding the trade from Crossfield to
Olds.

We Invite You to Inspect Our Stock and Prices.

E. B. Shantz,

Carstairs - and - Didsbury

C. W. MOORE,

**BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC**

Carstairs, Alberta
Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

Jas. McCool

**ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
and
AUCTIONEER.**

Any orders left at the Chronicle office
will be promptly attended to.

Smith.

COMPETENT BOOT MAKER

If it is workmanship, quality and
material you desire, then bring your re-
pairs to the right place.

Any Kind of Boots Made to Order

Repairs Done While You Wait

Competition Defied

Satisfaction guaranteed

Note address—

Next Door to Chronicle Office.

G. W. Boyce

PRACTICAL PAINTER

And

PAPERHANGER

Kalsomining, Tinting,
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,
And all kinds of Painting.

Now

Is the Time to get your
Wagons fixed, Tyres re-set
and all wood work done at

JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

Price Reduced!

CANADA'S STAMP PAPER

The future price of the North American
Collector to be 25c. a year. See the name
and 20 word ad. Free to all subscribers.

NORTH AMERICAN COLLECTOR

Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.



**THE LOCAL IMPROVE-
MENT ACT, VILLAGE
ACT AND SCHOOL AS-
SESSMENT ORDINANCE**

NOTICE is hereby given that, under
the provisions of The Local Improvement
Act, Village Act and School Assessment
Ordinance the Honourable Mr. Justice
Beck has appointed Tuesday, the 15th
day of December, 1908, at Ten o'clock
a. m. at the Court House, in the City of
Calgary, for the holding of a Court for
confirmation of the Returns made under
the provisions of Section 91 of The Local
Improvement Act in respect of the following
Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts 16-84,
16-84, 10-T-4, 10-T-4, 10-T-4, 10-T-4,
17-T-4, 9-W-4, 10-W-4, 12-W-4, 13-W-4,
14-W-4, 15-W-4, 16-W-4, 17-W-4, 10-Z-4,
12-Z-4, 0-A-3, 10-A-3, 11-A-3, 12-A-3,
13-A-3, 14-A-3, 15-A-3, 16-A-3, 17-A-3,
11-B-3, 13-B-3, 16-B-3, 17-B-3, 12-C-5,
and Nos. 606, 607, 608, 609, and 610.

And of Section 67 of The Village Act in
respect of the following Villages, viz:—
The Village of Bowden, the Village of
Cayley and the Village of Gleichen.

And of Section 19 of The School Assess-
ment Ordinance in respect of the follow-
ing School Districts, viz:—

School Districts 85, 114, 230, 232, 329,
377, 463, 469, 422, 433, 476, 489, 491, 570,
581, 598, 610, 621, 648, 653, 697, 704, 718,
725, 733, 735, 761, 822, 773, 811, 812,
828, 832, 835, 907, 909, 946, 961, 986, 990,
1000, 1011, 1041, 1070, 1096, 1136, 1164,
1175, 1201, 1203, 1204, 1218, 1256, 1259,
1287, 1288, 1300, 1383, 1314, 1323, 1337,
1382, 1373, 1397, 1398, 1419, 1425, 1426,
1434, 1472, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486.

JOHN STICKS,
Deputy Minister of Public Works.

Dated at Edmonton this 8th day of
October, 1908.

\$5.00 REWARD.

LOST.

Bay Mare brand marked out 3/4 on right
shoulder; also swivel on left shoulder
and collar marks on shoulders. Five
dollars reward for information leading to
recovery of same.

Thos. A. Anderson,
Crossfield.

WELL-DRILLING.

Windmill and Pump Work

A Specialty.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

C. C. Smart, Crossfield.

AIRDRIE DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL BOARD.

Chairman—J. Hallman
Trustees—Jas. Coombe, R. G. Weldon
Sec. Treas.—J. M. Windsor.

Board of Trade
President—J. H. Smith
Vice President—J. Coombe
Sec. Treas.—J. M. Windsor.

Commissioner—Leslie Farr,
Justice of Peace—J. Hallman,
Deputy W. F. Edwards.

Methodist Minister, Rev. E. J. Hodgins
Presbyterian Minister, Rev. M.
Brown.

Registrar, H. Johnson & Co.
Registrar, George H. H. H.

Issuer of Marriage License J. Holgate.

Natalie of the Neighborhood House.

By CECILY ALLEN
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Neighborhood House was Natalie's charity by inheritance. Her mother had founded it and had met the deficiencies in its exchequer from time to time. Natalie was not sentimental, but her mother's pathetic anxiety about Neighborhood House during her last illness had touched the girl, whose life had been devoted to the pursuit of pleasure.

Why Natalie should turn to the Neighborhood House in her hour of hurt pride only Providence could explain. To her the working girls toward whose comfort, education and pleasure her checks had contrived night, as well as being in Persia or China, so little did she know them. In a vague sort of way she thought of them as nudes who came out of their holes at night and blinkingly, even duly, enjoyed such pleasure as women of her kind provided for them.

So when she came upon Maggie Connolly face downward in the pillow of a cosy corner on that hot June Saturday, when all the rest of the neighborhood girls had gone picnicking, she stood looking down upon the tearful one with strange, brooding eyes.

"My dear girl," she began, with that gentle air of patronage which is the



MAGGIE STARED AT HER, SPEECHLESS WITH WONDER.

refined cruelty of the rich toward the sensitive souls among the poor, "What has happened? Have you injured yourself? Have you lost your purse?"

Maggie was nothing if not democratic. She did not ask Miss Natalie Burgess who she was or what she was doing there.

"Tom Devory's gone to the beach with the blackie blond at the next machine, Polly Maguire. Get that, will you?"

"But you must know lots of other young men who would be glad to take you to the beach. I saw them hanging on the cars like flies."

Maggie, who had wiped her eyes, now turned her scornful gaze upon her would-be comforter.

"I don't want to go with those fellows. I want just Tom."

The sudden break in her voice, the sudden gathering of mist over her blue eyes, brought revelation to the petted daughter of millions.

"I want just Tom."

It was like an echo from the night before.

Not that she had put it into words. Not that she had so much as admitted to herself that she wanted to see one Thomas Witherspoon Brinnard. But suddenly, like a flash of lightning across a dark landscape, she saw the panorama of her own heart.

She wanted Tom, the other tall, clean cut Tom, and she had always wanted him.

"What came between you and Tom?" she asked.

"What came between every girl like me and what she wants—romance. Working overtime till I'm tatty ugly you can't cross your fingers at me, and the two children sick at home, and mother taking all I earn—I know she can't help that—and me so shabby in clothes no man would want to take me to the beach, and Tom is that particular."

And Polly Maguire—she can spend all her wages on herself. She's got a new organdy that you can see through to the pink silk slip. Oh—"

"But if she's wearing that to the beach she is dressed in very poor rags," said Natalie nervously. "As a man who will forget you because your

clothes are shabby is really not worth fretting for."

Maggie sat up very straight.

"What do you know about wanting clothes? I bet you've got a dress for every day in the year, and when he comes you have an awful time thinking which one he'll like best—because you've got so many. But when you haven't one good dress to your name and things go wrong at the factory—say, well, I said a few things and he said some, and he threw me down."

For a few moments Natalie Burgess sat, quietly stroking the head of her newly acquired acquaintance and who had once more retired to the questionable comfort of the cushion. Then she gently said:

"Don't cry any more, Maggie. I guess being thrown down is something most women have to bear some time in their lives. It was not a question of dress with me, and I am quite sure I had said nothing. We never had a word. He just left town and never even said goodbye."

Maggie stared at her, speechless with wonder. Her own troubles were forgotten. Some man had "thrown down" this radiant creature in soft gray silk and shimmering plumes!

"We are going to my home, Maggie, and find a dress for you that will quite outshine Polly's organdy, because it will be much more appropriate, and then we are going to the picnic, and you are going to mingle with the young men. Tom Devory did not exist, and when he comes to make up with you, as he surely will, you are going to stand him halfway. Do you understand?"

Talk about Cinderella and the ball! Her experiences were as nothing when Natalie Burgess organized the girls that afternoon. The wonderful rows of clothes—presses which open when Miss Burgess' maid touched a button, the many linen frocks that were hard to select just the trimmest one for Maggie, and then the selection of shoes and hats and gloves, for the two girls were nearly of one size.

And at last the spin to the beach in Miss Burgess' car, the routing of Polly Maguire and the recapture of Tom Devory! In her excitement Maggie almost forgot her benefactress.

But Natalie did not forget Maggie and traced her through the Neighborhood House to her home.

Maggie's Tom had come back, and Maggie loved the whole world! So when Miss Burgess questioned her about working girls and their privations Maggie glowed and dilated on the good the Neighborhood House had done them all.

From the Neighborhood House and its privileges it was a short step to the need of a vacation hotel for girls, and almost before Maggie knew what happened she and Tom, now her subject slave, were whirled away one Saturday in Miss Burgess' machine to look over a neglected hotel estate in a once fashionable seaside colony.

Natalie Burgess knew the value of her money, and she also knew the value of a shrewd assistant like Maggie, who understood girls and their problems. So it happened that the Neighborhood House opened a summer annex at West Shore, and Maggie Connolly resigned her post at the office to become Natalie's representative in the new establishment.

"Natalie of the Neighborhood House," her friends called her now and laughed at her caprices. And at the summer annex of the Neighborhood House Thomas Witherspoon Brinnard found

her lovely fair day, shortly after his return from Vienna, where he had gone abruptly to complete his medical studies.

The idea of Natalie, the self-centered, hobnobbing with factory girls rather tickled his fancy.

Maggie was packing the summer fittings. Natalie was sitting in an open window, swinging her trim feet and laughing at Maggie's enthusiasm. But she had been helping, too, and her sleeves were rolled up, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, as she turned to meet Brinnard.

"The physician told Maggie that this was the psychological moment for her to pack up what few groceries were left in the storeroom. What happened during her absence is not necessary to set forth here, but as she slipped back to remind her patron that twilight was falling and the car was waiting to take them back to town she heard Thomas Witherspoon Brinnard say contently:

"Can you ever forgive me for imagining that you were a vain, selfish, useless sort of doll that could never understand or help a struggling physician? I don't deserve your desert. I was a thick-headed fool!"

Maggie went out on the porch and sank upon the top step.

"Does the man live who throws you down that can't be won back?" she asked herself happily, for how could Maggie know that the glorious Natalie had won happiness through her humble self?

Same Feeling.

"And haven't you ever taken a ride in an automobile?" asked the man with the new machine plying.

"No," replied the male person, "but I fell out of a third story window once."

—Philadelphia Press.

HUMBLED THE PRINCESS.

Fall of a Dusky Beauty From the South Sea Islands.

One night John Sharp Williams, while a student at Heidelberg University, was in attendance upon a swell function at which the guest of honor was a dark skinned princess alleged to have come from the South Sea Islands. This princess was magnificently bejeweled and beveled, and her warm olive complexion was set off by a mass of black, kinky hair, full red lips, snow white teeth and black, sparkling eyes, made her the center of the function. The masculine-like Germans swarmed about her like bees around a honeysuckle vine, and even Dutch femininity could not discount the charm of her manner or the beauty of her person.

John Sharp was introduced, of course, and immediately upon obtaining a near view of the princess (the southern instincts rose to the surface and his southern blood began to boil. Watching his opportunity, he does not get to the beauty's elbow. Then, reducing his voice to a low, but perfectly audible key, he sent into her startled ears the words:

"Look here, neger, where did you come from?"

Panic stricken and with all her self-possession scattered, the alleged princess turned upon her interrogator as she heard the familiar intonation of the southerner and looked into his unrelenting face. Then she stammered:

"Fum South Carolina, boss, but for de Lawd's sake don't tell!"

Whether John Sharp respected the pitiful plea of a southern negress in a faraway land and permitted her to continue her bold imposition upon the credulous Germans, the story does not tell. But the fact remains that the "princess" realized that she was in the presence of one who, from intimate knowledge of her, had divined her African origin, and she could throw herself on his mercy. —Bristol Herald.

THE BASTILLE.

Men and Methods in the Famous Old French Prison.

The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than the Black or the Chatelet, and imprisonment there was not so degrading. But the fact remains that the "princess" realized that she was in the presence of one who, from intimate knowledge of her, had divined her African origin, and she could throw herself on his mercy. —Bristol Herald.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water rules. In the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day, with drinkable "vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meager furniture of his prison with a provision of books. Very favored prisoners were allowed their own servant if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire became a prisoner in the "Henriade" as prisoner in the Bastille; Abbe Morelet of the Encyclopedia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame; but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were in it.

The walls and that, as M. Moulin has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastille.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

A FEAT FOR BLONDIN.

"Speaking of the straight and narrow path," said a congressman, "reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he decided to walk in the middle of the street."

"Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the sidewalk, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"

PAT AND THE LAVER.

An Irishman, having returned from Italy, where he had seen with his master, was asked in the kitchen.

"Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I saw the master talking about?"

"Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out.

Gwendolen—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Emmeline—He won't say it until next Thursday night and it won't be released before 12.30 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

The wrestlers and athletes of India develop great strength by living on milk, a little goat's flesh and plenty of food made from flour.

CORKS HAVE DISEASES.

Caused by a Small Worm Which Spreads the Flavor of the Best Wines.

"To the average person a cork is a cork, and a well-stoppered restaurant man the other day. 'But smell this cordial. Would you believe it?' And he held up a bottle supposed to have been corked by the best of the men from the blossom to the pit. The odor was musty and altogether unpleasant. It was decidedly bad. He continued:

"Now, the man paying 20 cents for his tiny glass of cordial after dinner is entitled to have it free from imperfections. If he bought a bottle of wine with that flavor, he would say the wine was bad, for ninety men out of a hundred know nothing about bad corks. He would want another bottle of wine or his money refunded, and he would be right."

"The defect is in a tiny worm in the cork that is often invisible to the man cutting corks and sometimes cannot be seen by the man who draws. A customer will taste the wine and say, 'Bad wine.' You explain about the cork, and he will say: 'Impossible! This was a beautiful cork—beautiful!'"

And yet we know that the contents of the bottle never have that flavor under other conditions. It is true. Tell you there are millions of dollars waiting for the man who can invent a perfect cork that will stand the test of years for flavor and preserving qualities. If it could be proved that his invention was perfect, he would make millions in a month."

MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON.

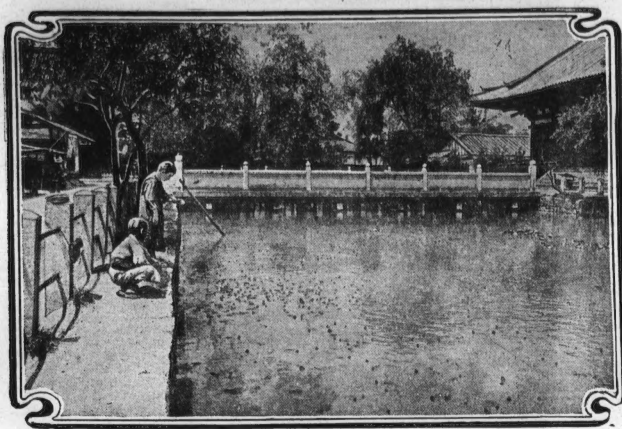
The Life in Washington Was Not a Happy Time For Her.

Mrs. Johnson was so much of an invalid that outside of intimate family friends she never knew her. She appeared only twice in public during her husband's administration. Still, her influence was a strong one, and it was exerted in the direction of tolerance and gentleness. A slight movement of her hands, a touch on her husband's arm, a "Now, Andrew," made it clear that the woman who had helped him through his struggling youth and given her health to his service, who had taught him to write and had raised him through long winter evenings in the little tailor shop that his active mind might be fed while he was practicing his trade, she was far wiser in his life. She was a sweet faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her oldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She

fringed her hair and she was far wiser in his life. She was a sweet faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her oldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She fringed her hair and she was far wiser in his life. She was a sweet faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. Her face was not unlike that of the late Mrs. McKinley. The death of her oldest son was a blow from which she never fully recovered. The life in Washington was not a happy time for her. She fringed her hair and she was far wiser in his life. She was a sweet faced woman who showed traces of beauty through the sharpened lines caused by the old fashioned consumption which was wearing her out. 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"Acquiring Merit"

Story of the Holy Tortoises.



THOUSANDS OF HOLY TURTLES IN THE POND BY THE TENNOJI TEMPLE

"WILL not the honorable young master buy a cake to feed the tortoises?" wheedled the old Jap.

Jack carefully took a brass coin from his pocket and tossed it to the pender. "Sure," said he, with American directness.

The lad approached the bank of the pond, where tortoises moved about, literally in masses. No sooner did he begin to crumble the cake than hundreds of them swam quickly toward him, scrambling over one another in their attempt to reach the edge first.

"I'd like to have a few of those big

must know why the tortoises are kept in the pond beside the Tennoji temple. They are the emblems of long life. As you are aware, each morning I am hired by the priests to fish a number from the water. These are bought by devout people, for the sum of a penny apiece, by whom they are returned to the pond. The person thus acquires religious merit and gains the grace and favor of the all-powerful God, Buddha. It is a worthy deed, also, to feed the tortoises. "But as for catching any of the tortoises and giving them to you—that would be impossible! The laws forbid it."

"Oh, come, Titsu-San," replied Jack, coaxingly, "you're not afraid, are you? If anything should come of it, I'll take all the blame. There isn't the slightest danger, I'm sure. And I'll give you my handsome to-maru. It's a real Onagadori, you know."

Titsu-San hesitated. His eyes sparkled at the thought that he might become the owner of the magnificent cock, the tall of which measured six yards. It was a rare bird and a valuable one. Titsu-San had often admired it, although he had never even dared dream of possessing it for his own. Besides, he was always willing to do everything he could for his friend Jack, whom he greatly respected and liked.

"I shall do it, and I shall have to say extra prayers and throw cakes to the tortoises for a month to wash away my sin," Titsu-San announced, slowly.

Jack impatiently held out his hand. "Good for you, old boy! I knew you'd do it!" cried he.

The next day the little Jap appeared with a coarse bag, containing several huge tortoises. Gravely handling the bag to Jack, he departed without a word.

Jack was delighted with his prize, which he immediately placed in a large stone basin in the garden. And he at once sent the long-tailed cock to Titsu-San, in fulfillment of his promise.

Greatly surprised was he when Titsu-San brought the cock back.

My sin is weighing so heavily upon me, Master Jack, that I dare not accept this gift," murmured he.

The young American looked at the sorrow-worn face of his friend, and his conscience reproached him.

"Forgive me, old chap!" he cried. "I didn't know you'd feel it like this. Great Scott! I don't want the old tortoise so very bad, anyway. I'm going to give them to you this very minute, so you can put the holy things back in their holy pond. And here, Titsu-San, is a whole handful of pennies, with which you may buy cakes to feed the turtles. After you've done that, you'll feel better. I know. I'm awfully sorry I got you in such a stew, old man!"

Titsu-San's countenance fairly glowed with joy. He thanked Jack again

and again, to that worthy's great discomfort.

As soon as Titsu-San had gone happily upon his errand to returning the tortoises to the pond, Jack instructed that the long-tailed cock be sent back to the home of the little Jap.

"I suppose it was a very thing for the poor fellow to defy his priests and his conscience, all for me. He certainly deserves the to-maru, anyway. And I know I'll never have the courage to buy a tortoise in the face again—especially if it's a holy tortoise!"

Contest in Grimaces

At Champigny, an exceedingly pretty place on the Marne, French children of a month, screwed up, gaping or twisted as ludicrously as its tiny owner's head toward the balcony where stood the lady who had called, he shouted:

"Do not want me, mother!"

"I need thee ever so much!" said the young mother, laughing: "for I have lost a second time the book with the pretty binding of blue and gold. And since thou wast so successful in finding the book for thy careless mother when last 'twas lost, I must needs call again upon the services of my knight."

"I'll find it, mother! I'll find it!" cried

the juvenile competitor, who never stung grimacing, while others, who ought really to have known better, assisted the boys and girls in distorting their features. One venerable, white-haired old man showed himself quite staid at this. He must have been a professional contortionist, or, at any rate, was well suited to the calling. He would make a fine, and, to the best of their ability, children copied it.

Light Rays in Water



TWO COINS WILL APPEAR

AT THE bottom of an ordinary glass or tumbler, place a coin of any kind.

Pour water in the glass to one-third of its capacity. Then, and carefully turn glass and saucer upside down.

In this position you will be surprised to apparently see two coins resting on the surface of the saucer.

Prints of Leaves

VERY accurate and beautiful prints of leaves may be obtained in the following manner: First, get a sheet of fine writing paper and oil it with olive oil until the paper has pretty well absorbed the oil. Hang the paper in the air to dry until there are no longer any globules of oil upon it. Then move the oiled side of the paper horizontally over the flame of a lamp or candle until you have a smooth, black surface. Now lay your leaf carefully and smoothly on this blackened paper, and laying another piece of paper over it, rub it carefully and firmly with your finger for about half a minute. Next take the leaf and lay it on the paper or sheet of paper on which you want to get your impression; cover it with blotting-paper and apply gentle pressure as before. If you are careful you will be able to obtain several beautiful impressions from the same leaf.

Where Umbrellas Rest

IT was afternoon, and this spoke the teacher of the village school: "Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance?" "Yes, sir," said the smallest boy proudly. "I can. Umbrellistan, the place for umbrellas."

To Melt Iron in a Moment

HEAT a piece of iron (a poker will do) to white heat, then apply to it a roll of sulphur. The iron will immediately melt and run into drops. This experiment is best performed over a wash basin of water, allowing the melted iron (really sulphide of iron) to drop into the water.

Lots More

It having been his first visit to the country, little Mary drank so much of the nice, fresh milk that finally her aunt was obliged to caution her not to take any more.

Little Mary replied in an aggrieved tone: "I don't see why I can't have as much as I want, auntie, when there's three cows out in the barn."

Godfrey's Helpfulness

"GODFREY! oh, Godfrey!" No sooner did he hear this summons, than a little boy appeared from the grape arbor in which he had been half hidden. Turning his head toward the balcony where stood the lady who had called, he shouted:

"Do not want me, mother!"

"I need thee ever so much!" said the young mother, laughing: "for I have lost a second time the book with the pretty binding of blue and gold. And since thou wast so successful in finding the book for thy careless mother when last 'twas lost, I must needs call again upon the services of my knight."

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Godfrey, with assurance, his chest swelled with importance as he swiftly made his way to the library. But, for the once, Godfrey failed in his purpose. He could find no trace of the book he sought. However, he did not give up, but, bringing his volume to his mother, and he pleaded for a little more time in which to hunt for it.

A day or so later Godfrey was transfixed, after a long run, by the street of Boston town, when something which had been spinning several feet ahead was permitted to roll unimpeded into the gutter, while he hurriedly examined the shoe window nearby. It



TWO COINS WILL APPEAR

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Pour water in the glass to one-third of its capacity. Then, and carefully turn glass and saucer upside down.

In this position you will be surprised to apparently see two coins resting on the surface of the saucer.

"DASHED RECKLESSLY DOWN THE STREET" "So thou get it?"

Some one stole it and took it to the bookshop, mother, and I went thither and ran away with the book from Mr. Jenkins," Godfrey explained, his eyes sparkling with pride at the thought of his achievement.

Godfrey's father straightened out the tangle that evening. When he returned home, after paying the bookmaker for his book and the damage done to the window, he drew Godfrey aside and told him very carefully that however much little boys may wish to help, they should always first make sure they do the right thing in the right way.

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"HIGGINS"

IT WOULD seem a misfortune to be named after an artist's ink. That is how Higgins came to have his name. And perhaps the name was the cause of a mishap which paralyzed his hind legs.

But Higgins' master was very fond of the little cocker spaniel. At first he thought it would be best to have the poor doggie shot, so that he need not



A STRANGE CARRIAGE

hobble along in such a miserable way. Another idea came to him, however, and he built for Higgins a tiny carriage upon which the useless legs could rest, while the front legs propelled the dog wherever he wished to go.

When the spaniel travels about his carriage attracts much attention. But Higgins seems to mind it not at all, and gets along quite well in spite of his feeble condition.

The Little Harmonica

BY an arrangement of bottles a very good musical instrument can be produced by one who has patience and a correct ear. A couple of broom handles are balanced on two chair frames, and from these pint bottles containing water in gradually varying quantities are suspended by threads. To play on the bottles, the drumsticks held in children's toy drums answer perfectly.

Show of Dead Ones

Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum. "Where have you been?" said his grandpa, who saw that he was uncommonly good riped.

"Oh, we've had a splendid time! We've been to a dead circus!"

was a bookshop at which he passed, and that which attracted his attention was nothing less than a volume with a beautiful binding of blue and gold. "Mother's book of a surety!" snatched the lad.

Then, getting his jaw determinedly, he muttered:

"Mother SHALL have her book; for I have promised it!"

First glancing around to see that no one observed, he struck savagely at the window with his hoop-stick, shattering the glass to bits. Quickly thrusting his hand through the opening, he grabbed the precious book and dashed recklessly

in vain the old bookkeeper pursued. True boy was more fleet of foot than he, and darting down side streets and twisting through alleys, soon eluded him.

Triumphantly Godfrey bore his capture home. Seated at his mother's knee, before her, saying proudly:

"I've brought back thy book and kept my promise!"

"So, Godfrey, I'm glad to hear of it, though the finding of a striking likeness," exclaimed the mother in astonishment. "Tell me, my son, where

fellows yonder," Jack muttered to himself. "They'd make dandy sets. But I don't suppose I can entask a few away. That old man watches too closely over his holy tortoises. I know what I'll do. I'll ask Titsu-San if he can't get a couple for me."

When he had thrown away all the cake, he turned and made his way back to the quaint little house, where he had been living with his father and mother for the last six weeks. Since he had landed in Japan he had diligently studied the customs of this interesting people. He even prided himself upon some slight knowledge of the Japanese language. But he didn't know enough about the "holy" tortoises confined in this pond in Osaka.

"Titsu-San, can't you possibly get for me several of those sacred tortoises?" he asked, when he met his little Jap friend that afternoon.

"That would be a crime, Master Jack!" exclaimed Titsu-San, in dismay. "You

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THE HANDSOME TO-MARU

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A SIMPLE CHANGE



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DO YOU Want a Sheep-lined Coat? Now is the Time to Buy.

We handle the well known H. B. K. Brand in Mitts, Gloves and Coats
Call in and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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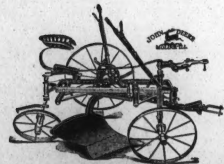
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PLOWS PLOWS



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REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
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BOWSER IS WORSTED

Undertakes to Settle Hired Girl Problem Without Wife's Help.

MAKES A WOEFUL FAILURE.

Applicants For Place of Cook Call Him an Old Hen Hussy For Interfering in Kitchen—He Goes Out on the Front Steps to Meditate.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]
When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner the other evening he found Mrs. Bowser with an apron on and other evidences that she had been at work in the kitchen, and after surveying her for a moment he asked:
"Well, what does this mean?"
"The cook has left, and I had to get the dinner," she replied.

"Cook left, eh?"
"Yes. She has had a pain in her side for the last month, and the doctor told her that she ought to have a rest."

"Haugh! And we have no girl?"
"But I have put an ad. in the papers, and one may come this evening. Both Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green have also sent word to girls they know to come and see me. We won't be long without one, and I would just as soon do the work for a couple of days as not. You will find your dinner all right."

During the dinner Mr. Bowser was almost silent. When it was over and while Mrs. Bowser was doing up the dishes she heard him tramping around the sitting room. She realized that he was going to have something to say about the cook's leaving, and when her work was finished she drew a long



"WALK IN, YOUR LADIES—WALK IN."

breath and went upstairs to meet the crisis. She had scarcely settled herself when she began:

"Mrs. Bowser, the time has come for plain speaking with you."

"Yes," she quivered.
"You have added another crime to the hundreds you have been guilty of, and I am going to tell you right here and now that you have got to make a change in your conduct or I shall be forced the painful necessity of applying to the courts for a divorce."

"I didn't know that I had robbed, murdered or committed arson," she replied.

"No levity, madam. I refer to the servant girl problem, as you well know. I have let you go your own way unrestrained for years and years, but the time has come to call a halt. In fifteen years your cruel and blood-thirsty attitude toward servant girls has driven over fifty of them out of this house. Some have secured other places, but many of them, discouraged and hapless, have gone to the river to commit suicide. For the deaths of such you are directly responsible."

Mrs. Bowser rose up and asked to be excused for a moment, and, going upstairs, she returned with a memorandum book in her hand and placed it on the table and said:

"Here is the name of every girl that has worked for us for the last twenty years—her name, how long she remained and all about it. We have had twenty-five girls in the twenty years. Shall I read you the list? One stayed three years, one two and several of them over a year?"
"Um! Um! Mrs. Bowser, this is a matter that cannot be dismissed in this frivolous manner."

Reads From Her Diary.

"No! Well, let us go into it a little deeper, then. Let me read you a few extracts:

"Annie Dally.—Very competent girl. Stayed four weeks and then quit because Mr. Bowser came from his club one night and chucked her under the chin."
"Nettie Wheeler.—Very good cook. Remained three weeks and then quit because Mr. Bowser always had his nose in the kitchen and was telling her how sorry he was for her."

"Mary Scott.—Never had a better girl and hoped to keep her for a year or two, but Mr. Bowser was fooling with a gas saver and blew up the kitchen, and she left."

"Stop! Stop!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he turned red and white and pointed a finger at her. "Woman, you can't do this investigation in no such manner as that. You have simply made three entries to shield a guilty conscience."

"What was I guilty of?"
"Listen to me. You are like thousands of other wives in this country. You have never regarded a hired girl as a human being. When girls have come here to apply for a situation you have put yourself up on a pedestal and looked down on them. You have let them know at once that you considered them as dirt beneath your feet."

"Nonsense," she replied, with a laugh.
"Woman, don't try to excuse yourself. Have you ever in all these twenty years given a girl to understand that you had asked for her confidence? Have you shown any one of them by your attitude that she could come to you with her troubles? Answer me that, woman."

"I will. You had a clerk over in the office at \$7 a week. It was starvation wages, and you knew it, and yet you refused to advance him. You knew that he frequented pool rooms, but did you ever warn him against them? You knew that he was falling into the drinking habit, but did you ever sit down and give him a fatherly talk? He swore, but did you ever tell him what a vicious habit it was? He finally became discouraged and hanged himself, but have you gone around feeling that his death can be laid at your door?"

Mr. Bowser grew weak in the knees and sat down. Then he got so mad because he had proven weak that he stood up and motioned and gestured and tried to explode. He might have accomplished the feat in another moment if the servant bell had not rung and Mrs. Bowser said:

"That's probably a girl in answer to the advertisement. I want you to go down and do the engaging. Tell her that you run the house and that things have got to go as you say."

"I—I didn't say—"

"—right down. We'll settle the servant problem right here and now. If I go down I shall look at her disdainfully and tell her that she ought to have been born a cook or a wood-chuck, but you can welcome her as Lady Audley and put the whole house in her charge. There, she is ringing again."

Mr. Bowser went down. It was a girl who wanted to secure the place. He worked up a smile and invited her in and was just about to ask her a question when she said:

"I didn't know that you were a widower or I shouldn't have come."

"But I am not."

"Then your wife is an invalid, and I don't care to come."

"But my wife is in first rate health."

"Then where is she?"

"You see, my dear girl, my wife holds rather radical opinions on the servant girl question, and she and I don't agree. I believe that a girl who works in the kitchen is every bit as good as—"

"I don't want the place," interrupted the caller as she made her way out and left him standing on one leg and looking after her. "I was about to go upstairs when there came a second ring, and he answered to find that three applicants had arrived together."

"Walk in, your ladies—walk in," he saluted, with a flourish.

Applicants For The Place.

"What about the place?" asked the red-headed girl, naturally taking the lead.

"I want a cook and will pay good wages. You will find the place as good as any I have."

"But what have you got to do about it?"

"Oh! My wife has heretofore hired all the girls, but we differ on how they should be treated. She insists on keeping them down, while I insist on—"

"Yes, but I am to engage the girl. I look upon you as a human being, while my wife—"

"Has a fool for a husband!" finished the blond as she walked out.

Mr. Bowser and the black-haired girl looked at each other for half a minute, and then she asked:

"Do you expect that a girl is going to hire to an old hen hussy who will come poking around the kitchen. I shall let the hire to your wife or not at all."

"But, you see, my wife—"

"Good night, sir!"

Mr. Bowser turned and went upstairs. He stopped as he ascended, and stamped down the hall. He put on his hat with a bang, opened the door with a jerk and closed it with a jar and then sat down on the front steps to meditate. Men passed. Tramps stopped and leaned on the fence and called to him for a drink. The hats called out by the summer night whistled about him, the skaters sang in his ear, and cats skulked and meowed, but he heeded them not. He had started on a row and got the worst of it, and he was pondering on how he could get even with the victor.

M. QUAD.

Try purpose firm is equal to the deed.—Young.

TOWN DIRECTORY.

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For Your Stationery and all Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

Horseshoeing

I have made arrangements to undertake the shoeing of horses and am prepared to do this work promptly and well.

Walter Bradley

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on left ribs. Split in both ears. 511y

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First, the Company, A Clean Record and Absolute Security is offered by the LONDON LIFE

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Investigation will prove our Reserve Dividend Policies are unequalled

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persons suffer at some time or other from Piles!

So says a great medical authority. There is no disease causes more pain and distress than piles; and by giving absolute immediate ease Zam-Buk has won the praise of thousands of sufferers. If you are suffering from Piles, try Zam-Buk. Mr. Neil Devore, Webbwood, Ont., suffered with piles eight years. A few boxes of Zam-Buk cured him. He says: "I have had no return of the trouble so that I know the cure is permanent."

Mr. C. B. Frost, Lennoxville, P.Q., writes: "I have proved Zam-Buk a great cure for piles from which I suffered acutely for a long time."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, ulcers, hemorrhoids, poisoned wounds, boils, corns, and all skin troubles. Box, a box of all drugs, gets and stores from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 3 boxes for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk

One and One Make Two.

The Sunday school teacher was possessed of the greatest of all gifts. He could promote truth among the class of lads. He had given Bill and Johnny sixpence each for doing some work for him.

"I hope to hear, when we meet again," he said, "that you have used the money to advantage."

The next time they met Bill produced two sixpences.

"Well, done, my lad," said the delighted teacher. "I am pleased to see my lessons are having their fruit. But what of your sixpence, Johnny?"

"Please, sir, I lost it tressin' my bill."

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parnele's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried, they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

"Maud has decided not to wear her old bathing suit any longer."

"Is she going to wear her new one any longer?"—Boston Transcript.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it causes a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (not caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Stella—Does she sing off key?

Bella—Yes, she can't find the key hole with her voice.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

When the candidate's speech of acceptance had dragged into the second hour he found his coat plucked by a Philadelphia Ledger.

"Say, old man," was the hoarse whisper, "we didn't nominate you for President," "you're being nominated for leg reeve."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Your druggist, grocer or general store keeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

An Accidental Hypothesis. A student once asked the prof.

And explained a pneumatic compound. He was off in his logic. But quite redemptive.

He happened to be a good guy.—Kansas City Times.

Rather Effeminate. The Sauceman—I wonder what makes the kettle so lumpy? It hasn't stopped singing all day.

The Coffeepot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.

Sequence. "A very good bird he was," they said, "and yet the truth it was said."

They found that though very good liver he was a good bird.

An exceedingly bad one he had.—Browning's Magazine.

Stung! There once was a building named Caesar. She was a cat, and he thought he would taste. But the cat was too big for him. And she scratched out an eye.

New Caesar just nearer and nearer.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Infant Size. She—Did I understand you to say that you formerly owned an automobile?

He—No; I once rode around in a horseless carriage, but I outgrew it.—Chicago News.

When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills will in such cases.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A One Word Epitaph.

There is only one word of epitaph in America," said the undertaker. "It is in the town of Worcester. I believe it is quite a drawing card. Holiday makers come to see it from miles around. The epitaph consists of the word 'Gone.' A Worcester auctioneer lay dying. He whispered to his wife, with a quite smile:

"I've been 'going, gone,' all my life. Now I'm 'gone, gone.' Put that on my tombstone, dear, that one word 'Gone' only."

"The wife complied."

A Crusher. Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit. Once, in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very long tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your honor in two sentences the gist of the case."

His Choice. She—Frankly, not to let you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do?

He—I'd take the million. Then you would be easy.—New York Life.

Why Does a Duck?

"Now, why do ducks go in to swim?" said Jonathan Quill to old Bill Bower.

"From divers motives," said Bill to him. "And for sundry reasons they eat come out."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Even and Odd. "There, I've made my expense account come out just even with what I spent!"

"Just even? That's odd."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much For Them. Any fool may rock a boat.

But there's not a nation great enough, so he would seem to.

To rock our ship & state.—Minneapolis Journal.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"In Jones cosmopolitan!"

"Yes, Dutch treat and French leave."—Puck.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Master—Here—er—has my whatname come?

Man—Yesir.

Master—Yes—well, then, hop over to the—er—that club with the silly name and tell Mr. Mr.—Thurman.

I shan't be able to fix up that—er—un—do you see? And then get hold of that book—er that with the yellow cover and look out a train to—er—to—er—oh, you know!

Man—Yesir—Punch.

Dr. Jackson, former Health Officer of New York City, says in his report to Governor Hughes, that house flies are the cause of five thousand deaths annually, in that city from typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs too.

"Before I answer your question," said the great alienist, "permit me to refresh my memory."

Hey presto! he consumed the notebook.

"Why you find it necessary to consult some memorandum before answering a simple hypothetical question of only a few thousand words?"

"The fact is," replied the alienist suavely, "that I did that to get the point of view. I'd forgotten which side I'd been retained on in this particular case. Kindly spring your conundrum again."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Your druggist, grocer or general store keeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

An Accidental Hypothesis. A student once asked the prof.

And explained a pneumatic compound. He was off in his logic. But quite redemptive.

He happened to be a good guy.—Kansas City Times.

Rather Effeminate. The Sauceman—I wonder what makes the kettle so lumpy? It hasn't stopped singing all day.

The Coffeepot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.

Sequence. "A very good bird he was," they said, "and yet the truth it was said."

They found that though very good liver he was a good bird.

An exceedingly bad one he had.—Browning's Magazine.

Stung! There once was a building named Caesar. She was a cat, and he thought he would taste. But the cat was too big for him. And she scratched out an eye.

New Caesar just nearer and nearer.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Infant Size. She—Did I understand you to say that you formerly owned an automobile?

He—No; I once rode around in a horseless carriage, but I outgrew it.—Chicago News.

THE TORTURES OF NERVOUSNESS

The Sufferer Feels That Unless Relief Comes Insanity Will Follow.

There is no torture more intolerable than that of nervousness. A person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. Often although in a completely exhausted state is unable to sit or lie still. For trouble of this kind absolutely the best thing in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The nerves are jaded and jangled because they are being starved by poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this. Thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these Pills, among them is Thos. Harpell, Wallace Bridge, N.S., who says:—

"Some years ago I took sick and the doctor pronounced me a hopeless case of prostration. To describe the tortures of it is impossible. God and myself only know what I endured. The doctor gave me medicine but it did not seem to help me. Then he ordered me away for a change but I was afraid to go as I always seemed to fear some impending calamity, and I was afraid to spend the night alone, as I used to think each night that I would die before morning. I tried different kinds of medicines but with no better results, and finally decided I would go to my parents to see if the change would benefit me. I went to my mother but with no better results. My father urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and get me a box, of course I did not expect a box would help me but I continued to take them and in about a month began to feel better. From that on there was an improvement in my condition every day and in the course of about three months I was again enjoying the great blessing of perfect health. I gained about twenty pounds in weight and my friends could hardly believe I was the same person. I believe I would have been in my grave long ago if I had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for every disease due to bad blood or weak nerves. That is why they cure such troubles as, anemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Teacher (giving a lesson on the rhinoceros).—Now, can you name any other things that have horns and are dangerous to get near?

Sharp Pupils.—Motor car.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system and produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in such cases is Dr. Williams' Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Knicker—There is such a thing as not worrying enough.

Better—Yes, the man who never crosses a bridge till he comes to it frequently has to swim.

A Sensible Merchant.

Bear Island, Aug. 26, 1903.

Dear Sirs—Your traveler is here today and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment in the market making no exception.

We have been in business 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

M. A. HAGERMAN.

"Why don't you marry your star? I know she is in love with you."

"Not for mine," replied the stage beauty's prompter. "I stick to a steady job."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Take no substitutes for Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killers compare with them.

Police Judge—You say the prisoner went into your store and beat you up? Why?

Mr. Cohen—Because he couldn't beat me down, your Honor.—Puck.

Get acquainted with Black Watch the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

Use of Limestone. Limestone is not only frequently prescribed for young babies, but is also often given to older children, the addition of a small quantity to hot or cold milk rendering it lighter and more digestible.

The only drawback to its use is the fact that to be efficacious the limestone must be fresh, and for this reason only a small amount should be prepared at a time.

W. N. U. No. 711.

WAITING FOR RAIN.

Exultation That Comes With the Storm After the Drought.

Did you ever notice the difference in your feelings when a long drought breaks?

Everybody feels depressed—a little as if the crack of doom were about minutes away. Grass is bleached instead of green. The shrubbery is wilted. The tree leaves hang dolefully. Everything starts as if it would if the last rain had fallen that would ever fall, and the feeling that such may be the case cannot wholly be fought off. Clouds—nice, gray, black, damp looking clouds—have gathered time and again and filled you with hope, but they drifted away after only a stiff breeze and maybe a little lightning and thunder.

This time it looks the same way. A cool wind is blowing, but it can't mean rain. That's just the way it acted before when you got fooled. It is lightning in the north and east, and you hear a distant peal of thunder. But that doesn't mean anything, for it did that before. There are clouds boiling up—a really procession arch over a plain dabb certain reaching to the horizon.

That looks very hopeful, but your heart is fighting against hope. You are depressed and afraid to get over it for fear you will just have to go to the trouble of getting depressed again.

Then comes a gust of wind—a sharp draft to the north and there are wet drops in it. Your heart starts beating for a moment through downright delirium. You think, "Now you'll let yourself be too—"

There! It's raining cats and dogs! Get that out of your mind! Bring in the chair off the porch.

Now you can take a deep breath and resume the fight for the future that you had left off involuntarily and hopelessly, a week or ten days ago, your whole existence having been unconsciously merged into one waking and sleeping day and night praying for rain.

You smile with the joy of a child. Things that looked ominous to you a day ago—what you can laugh right in their faces now. It has rained! It has rained! And living once more is worth while.

ELECTRICITY ON SHIPBOARD.

Few Know How Big a Part It Plays on Mauretania.

Although much has from time to time been written about the Mauretania, comparatively few can grasp the significance part which electricity plays in the ship. Apart from the 7000 horsepower that the turbines which propel the ship through the water, the electrical power, which is supplied by four generators, represents an additional 2,144 horse-power.

Electricity is used not only for lighting, but for all the appliances for the multitude of other purposes, such as operating the life, of which there are two sets of lifeboats, and eight for baggage and mails, and two smaller ones in the pantries. Electrically-driven cranes and hoists are also provided, and 6,300 electric lamps give the enormous total of over 100,000 candle power. For heating the first-class quarters thirty electric radiators have been fitted, to say nothing of the four forty-three heaters in the bath-rooms.

In the kitchens one range alone has a frontage of about 60 feet, and includes a roaster with four vertical spits rotated by an electric motor. The ship's baker is dealing with half a ton of meat at a time. In the bakery electricity is employed to operate the rollers, and the mill by chine, capable of making bread for at least 300 persons.

Over 200 miles of wire and cables are fitted throughout the ship. Four electric searchlights are carried, and, in addition to the other complement of lifeboats which every ship carries, two special buoys have been provided for use at night. These, upon being released by pressing a button, automatically light a flare upon striking the water.

"Faking" Oysters.

"Yes, there are a good many secrets in the oyster business," said a vendor of the luscious bivalve recently. "For example, 'faked' oysters are freshened up by dipping the whole lot in the trade is known as the 'Tank,' which is filled with a salty mixture which freshens the oysters. They are then placed on shells again and put into the window."

A run of steam of water has a marvellous effect upon oysters, fastening them to almost three times their size in a few hours. This steaming bivalves, which, left alone, would never be sold, can be made to look large by this process.

"Oysters can also be improved by being kept in a sandy-dressed cellar; and blanching the oysters, and then, is daily sprinkled with sea-water and oatmeal. The fish will live for a long time in this way, and cool weather and grow nice and succulent. The flavor is also greatly improved."

Use of Limestone. Limestone is not only frequently prescribed for young babies, but is also often given to older children, the addition of a small quantity to hot or cold milk rendering it lighter and more digestible.

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W. N. U. No. 711.

Stanfields Underwear

fits perfectly Women because each garment is made to fit an individual type of figure.

After it is finished and goes to the laundry for its final washing, each garment is tested on models ranging from 22 to 50 inch bust measurement. Thus the size is determined accurately. And the size as marked is exact, and stays so, because Stanfield's Underwear can't shrink nor stretch.

Your dealer will likely have all sizes and weights. If not, he can get them for you.

STANFIELDS LIMITED - TRURO, N.S.

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W. N. U. No. 711.

Black Knight Stove Polish.

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. It is a new and improved method of cleaning.

"Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quickly on a black and sooty surface. It is a bright, black polish that on the hottest fire can't burn off. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironing.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send us name of dealer and bill for full size can.

The F. F. BAILEY CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, Ont.

Absorbine.

Removes Blisters, Bruises, Swellings, Itchings, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sprains, Pains, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Headaches, Toothaches, Stomach Pains, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, Tinea, and all other skin diseases.

ABSORBINE is a powerful and reliable remedy for all the above ailments. It is a pure and harmless preparation of the most refined and purest ingredients. It is a perfect and reliable remedy for all the above ailments. It is a pure and harmless preparation of the most refined and purest ingredients.

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Kitchen Cabinets.

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Shiplap, Flooring, Window and Door Jambs and Casing, Dropsiding, Dimension and Rough Lumber For Sale Cheap at the Mills, 25 miles west of Crossfield

Accommodation for Man and Beast.

\$4,500 Prizes

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A \$3000 Threshing Outfit, complete; a \$400 Piano; a 20-shoe Single Disc Drill, and many other Prizes—over 220 in all—will be given by THE NOR'-WEST FARMER to the persons making the closest estimate as to the exact number of whole kernels in five pounds of No. 1 Northern wheat.

WHAT IS YOUR ESTIMATE?

To record your estimate, you merely send it in with \$1.75 as subscription to CROSSFIELD CHRONICLE and THE NOR'-WEST FARMER for one year.

MAKE AN ESTIMATE NOW. By doing so you get the Nor'-West Farmer to Jan. 1st, 1910. In case of a tie the Estimate First Received gets the Award.

You are as likely to win as anyone; and whether you win a prize or not, you get sterling value for your money, in a year's subscription to two such papers as ours and The Nor'-West Farmer.

Send Estimates and Subscriptions to this Office

Competition Closes March 31, 1909

JAS. DRYBURGH Harnessmaker.

Harness - - Saddles - - Spurs

Trunks and Suit Cases.

Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

Let Crossfield Flourish

Bring your sick boots and shoes and have them fixed by one of your own citizens

JOHN MORRISON,

Practical Bootmaker

Hand sewed boots to order a specialty.

I will also repair all kinds of Tinware. Next door to Hultgren & Davie's Land Office.

Hail Insurance

Crossfield, Alta.

Mr. Editor,—

Having seen nothing more of late, on the Hail Insurance problem, I thought I would give my opinion on the matter, and will ask you to be so kind as to publish the same.

I think the Hail Insurance problem should interest every actual settler, and therefore we should "keep the ball a rolling," as it is a very important question, and would benefit one and all.

I think that every land owner in the Province, or even in the Dominion, speculators the same as others, who are trying to develop the country, and make land worth something, should be taxed so much a quarter section, and if hail hit, out, be paid out according to the damage done, at \$8 per acre or even \$10 for total loss. Then if the Government Officials realize that they are running behind, raise the taxes a little.

Say for instance if there were 300,000 quarter sections of land in the Province, and the taxes were \$2 per acre, this would realize \$600,000, then, if the damage by hail for the season, amounted to \$700,000, raise the taxes enough on each quarter section to make it up.

In my opinion, this tax should not only be levied on the settlers, but on speculators, also. For the actual settlers, as I call them, are the ones who are developing the country, and making land in this country, worth something, and the speculators hold their land, until they can sell it at a good figure, and make a large profit, so in my opinion, "as the settler sows, so does the speculator reap."

I hope I have not taken too much space in your paper, and also hope that the farmers will get together, and assist each other, in trying to get the proposed Hail Insurance, which would be a benefit to every one, who is tilling the soil of this Great Canadian West, of which we can be proud, whether we are natives of Canada, or whether we immigrated here from some other country.

Will also add, that I do not think the settlers should have to take out a policy, but if haled, report it, and let the Inspector look at it, and report it to Headquarters.

Hoping to see an article in the paper very shortly, from some one else, on the proposed Hail Insurance.

I remain,

AMERICAN MERINOS.

Some Characteristics of This Hardy Breed of Sheep.

The variety known as the American Merino is a modification of the Spanish Merino and has been established in this country for more than a hundred years. Its most striking characteristic is the heavy folding of the body, excepting over the neck; also the small, short hair, the heavy twisted horns of the male and the thin skin. The fleece covers the entire body and legs, often almost concealing the eyes. The surface of the fleece is usually very dark, owing largely to oil and dirt.

The fleece is of the very highest grade and is the leading business characteristic of the breed. Many mature ewes shear twelve to fifteen pounds and rams fifteen to twenty pounds or even more, some records of



AMERICAN MERINO.

thirty to forty-four pounds having been made. A record is given of thirty-six rams, three years old or over, averaging a little over thirty-one pounds each. The wool in these instances weighed over 25 per cent of the total weight of the animals. The tendency of Merino wool since introduction into this country has been toward a greater degree of fineness. No doubt the wool has been improved in quantity and quality at the expense of mutton quality. The Merinos, although active and muscular, do not take on much fat and except in the grade stock are not considered of much importance as a meat breed.

The Merinos are well adapted to the conditions of the northeastern states, doing well in the rough mountain pastures. Were it not for the dog nuisance it is probable that they would be kept in large numbers in the pastures which have become unsuitable for dairy herds. They thrive in the ranges of the far west and endure cold weather very well.

WM. URQUHART

Headquarters for Gents' Furnishings.

SUITS.

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SWEATERS.

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OVERALLS

A New Assortment of the

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FINE SHIRTS

BOOTS-SHOES-MITTS-GLOVES

Come in and get a Bargain in a

FUR COAT

ALL NEW GOODS

New Evaporated Fruit
And Canned Goods

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE YOUR SALT FOR

WINTER.

The Toggery.

See Dave

WE ORIGINATE,
OTHERS FOLLOW.

Three Prizes Given Away Free

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|--|--|-------------|
| We Have Stansfield's Underwear. | 1st Prize Gentleman's Gold Chain Value \$5.00 | Heavy |
| | 2nd Prize Gentleman's Gold Chain Value \$2.50 | Wool Sax |
| | 3rd Prize Cuff Links and Tie Pin Value \$1.00 | 25c pair. |

These Prizes are to be given to persons making the Largest Amount of Cash Purchases at The Toggery between 9th of November and 25th of December.

A Full Line of Furnishings.

We Make Clothes.

Pressing.

Start Now.

D. G. HARVIE.
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